Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.
Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispersd
The Household of the King.
Nor. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.
Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.
Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)
Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved service and desert.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his men of warre?
Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with spurring, fiery
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I
A banisht Traytor; all my Tre
Is yet but unfelt thankes, whi
Shall be your love, and labour
Ros. Your presence makes
Wil. And farre surmounts ou
Bul. Evermore thankes, th'
Which till my infant-fortune
Stands for my bounty: but w

Enter Bark

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barke*
Bark. My Lord of Hereford
Bul. My Lord, my answer
And I am come to seeke that n
And I must find that Title in
Before I make reply to ought y
Bark. Mistake me not, my L
To raze one title of your hono
To you, my Lord, I come (wha
From the most glorious of this
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know w
To take advantage of the abse
And fright our native peace wi

Enter Yor

Bul. I shall not need transpo
Here comes his Grace in perso
Yor. Shew me thy humble H
Whose duty is deceivable an
Bul. My gracious Vncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no G
I am no Traytors Vncle; and
In an ungracious mouth, is bu
Why have these banish'd, and
Dar'd once to touch the dust o
But more then why, why have
So many miles upon her peace
Frighting her pale fac'd Villag

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